

Day and Night

by Blastitonn

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Summary: Hiccup is just a normal kid. Sort of. He has a secret. A BIG one. Rated M after the gain of popularity because of my EXTREME PARANOIA! RAAAR! PARANOID! Not a one shot. I hate one-shots they think they better than everyone else...*Continues rambling about one-shots*

1. Chapter 1

****Blastitonn here.****

****I am making my first HTTYD fic.****

****I hope you like it. Though you probably won't.****

****I don't necessarily care though.****

****Plz, no flames.****

My name is Hiccup. I'm kinda small and thin. Today is friday. My favorite day of the week. Usually. Today, I was going to have a test. A BIG test. Today was not going to be my favorite day.

I put on a green shirt, some brown pants and combed my messy red hair. I don't like, church-comb it. I just run a comb through my hair to make it less messy.

As I was running down the street to my school, I was ambushed by my cousin Scott, Who everyone calls Snoutlout. Noone knows why they call him that. _I_ certainly don't know.

"Hey, buddy!" He said, as he pushed me down. "Whatcha doin'?"
"Getting to school." I said simply. "We all don't have cars like you."

I quickly maneuvered away before he could make another response.

"Thank god." I said under my breath.

As I ran to school, I bumped into my only friend Frank. Everybody else calls him Fishlegs, because of the time he tripped and got stuck in a fishing net, but I still call him Frank.

"Hey Hiccup!" He said. "Oh, hi, Frank!" was my reply. "Did Snotlout ambush you?" He asked me, seeing the minor look of pain on my face. "Yeah," I said. "But in the adrenaline of the jewel heist, the thief forgot the jewels. Heh."

"Good one, Gallade." Was his humored reply to my joke. "Thanks, Snorelax."

My blonde buddy laughed at my Pokemon reference. We were both HUGE Pokemon nerds. Sometimes we referred to each other by the name of a pokemon that had a similar bodyshape.

"Hey, Frank?" I questioned "You think I have a shot with Astrid?" "Ah, so the gallade is staring at the gardevoir, eh?" He responded. "Nah, you don't have a chance. She's level 94. You, however, are level 3. You were attained with a hacking device."

"Really?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Damn..."

After acing yet another test, and sitting through another grueling day, he was ready to go home and take a walk through the forest.

As he was walking through the forest, he noticed something odd. He pulled out the map he drew and marked it down. Good reference. It was a cove. It had some rocks that fit together in a cave, a pond, and a few trees.

This'll be my secret place, I decided._ I won't let anyone else know about it._

After "_Hanging_" in the cove a few hours, It was starting to get dark. I needed to get home.

When I got home, a few minutes later, I discovered my dad, a town councilman, and probably STRONGEST FRIGGIN' MAN IN THE TOWN OF BERK, was already home. _Wasn't he on a business trip?_ I thought to myself.

SO? Good start? I'm not posting the next chapter until I have a review.

Hiccup: Why not? I say post all your chapters now!

NO! Bad Human! BAD! I need a first national bank of chapters I can upload if I get writers block, and if I just start updating all willy-nilly, I won't have a consistent updating skedge.

Hiccup: What the hell is a skedge?

I... Have no idea. R&R! Please!

2. Chapter 2

****Blastitonn here.****

****I. Am. Amazed.****

****My first chapter, and I already have more reviews than my first STORY!(Which by the way, if you could pm me about how to delete stories because it SUCKS!)****

****21CidraSire, Thank you! I may have a good story going here, then. Ya see, whenever I make something and put it online, people just put me down 'cause it's fun.****

****Demonduck45, YOU are cool, man!(or Woman...)****

****Tacotitan, I'm not good at details, but there most certainly will be more. This chapter was more of an introduction chapter.****

****Toa Aerrow, Hiccup is, and I forgot to say this, a 27th not a 3rd. Make sense? As I said before, I am adding many more details. Gobber is the teacher, Bucket and Mulch are coaches, Mildew is just some random old guy you can't seem to stop bumping into on the street, Spitelout is hiccup's uncle(And his nickname comes from his son's nickname, and his spiteful attitude.), I don't know who johann is... Oh, right TRADER Johan... Uh... He is going to be... the... I'mma get back to you, and Alvin is the principal of the rival school. Don't forget, as I said before, this is a plot thing.****

****Today, you will get more insight on Hiccup's big secret from the desc.****

**** .Ya.****

****Don't ask, my dad came up with it.****

"Hey, kid!" Dad said as I walked into the house. "How was your day?" "It was okay, I talked to Frank about Pokemon, I had a test, I got ambushed by Snotlout... Yeah that's it." I responded

"Did ya at least fight back?"

"Nah, I'm-I'm too... Muscular for him. I-I didn't want to hurt the guy."

"Kid, you got the bodyshape of a got freckles all over your face, now really, tell me what happened."

"Yeah, okay, Mr. Viking, He pushed me down and I ducked under him and ran away."

I wasn't joking. Neither was he. I, Hiccup Horrendus Haddock the 27th, look like a toothpick. I also have freckles all over my face. My dad is JUST like a viking, I mean, he has the accent, he has the giant red beard, he has the brawny build, it's just WEIRD how much he looks like a viking.

"Well, Dad, I... Better get to sleep." I said. "Well, okay,

good-night, Son." He responded.

After climbing the stairs, I was at my room, so I got in bed, shut my eyes and went to sleep.

"DRAGONS!" Someone yelled.

The startled me to awakening.

I came out of my room, fully dressed, just like last time I was here, ran down the stairs, and got outside. I was in Berk. No, not the town of Berk, the village of Berk. The VIKING village of Berk. And it just so happens, I was in the middle of a dragon raid.

I ran to get to Gobber's Smithy. I was his apprentice. As I was getting to the Smithy, I was intercepted by a lumpy Gronkle. Thankfully, my dad showed up and smashed it with a hammer.

"What are you doing out?" He asked me. "What is HE doing out?" He yelled to the other vikings. "Get back inside!" He said pushing me back to the house.

While he was distracted by one of those blue chicken-dragons, I think they're called Nadders, I snuck off to the Smithy.

"Nice of ya to join tha party!" Gobber said when I got there. He handed me a pile of bent swords. _Damn Gronkles._ I thought to myself. "Sword. Sharpen. Now." He told me. So, I sat down at the grind, and worked away at the swords. "Gobber, we need your help!" one of the vikings said. "Alright, let's get it started" He said. Turning around, he told me, "Stay. Put. There. Y' know what I mean." As he went off roaring, I left the smithy to finally kill my first dragon, 'Cause if I did, I finally wouldn't be useless any more.

I brought my invention with me. It shot bolas, which were boulders attached to a ring by some rope. Weird right?

Anyways, I took aim at a small shadow on the moon, fired, and... I hit it! I heard the dragon screech! I had finally shot down a dragon!

Well, That was awesome. I hope.

Anyway, R&R

Blastitonn just accidentally karate kicked a preist.

3. Chapter 3

Blastitonn here,

popie92, NO He is NOT dreaming THAT'S the secret. He has two lives. LITERALLY!

Emiko Sora, I have no idea what you just said.

21 SidraCire, Thank you! *starts crying*

I could not beleive it. I actually hit a dragon! A Night Fury, no

less! This was amazing! "Did ANYONE see that?" I asked in my excitement. However, when I turned around, I saw a Monsterous Nightmare. "Dammit." I said to noone in particular.

As I ran screaming back into town, I was saying things to the vikings I bumped into, like, "Out of the way!" "Coming through!" and the ever clever, "AAAAAHHHH!"

When I got to one of the torch poles, I hid behind it, and prayed to every god that ever EXISTED, not just norse gods, ALL OF THEM, that I would get out of this alive. When the Nightmare toppled the torch, I amazingly was not squashed. _Power of positive thinking, I guess._ I thought to myself.

When I was saved for the Nightmare by my dad, who smashed his face with a hammer, I realized the blessing was more of a compensation. _I hate my life._ I thought to myself.

**3rd POV**

**The next day (Night-ish)**

Stoik was in the great hall planning the dragon nest raid with the other vikings.

After finishing his "Presentation" He asked the crowd, "NOW WHO'S WITH ME?!" The response was mainly made up of excuses, like; "Axe returns" "I'm gathering fish" and the GENIUS RESPONSE, " I don't really wanna die."

Stoik decided, since noone was with him, he would have to threaten them. "Anyone who stays has to watch Hiccup." He said. After THAT, they couldn't get on the boats fast enough.

"I'll pack me undies." Gobber said. "No, Gobber, you have to stay and teach dragon training." Stoik responded.

"Oh, okay. Well, what're ya gonna do wit' Hiccup?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, yeah? Well I do."

"What?"

"Dragon Training."

"No, seriously Gobber."

"I am serious, I c'n keep an eye on 'im, while you go find the nest."

"He'll be killed before you even let the first dragon out."

"You don't know that, you can't know that 'cause ye've never seen 'im fight."

"Well, I DO know that."

"Why? Hold on, let ME answer that question. As your son has once

said, imitating you, 'Excuse me, barmaid, I do beleive you've brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra large boy with big, beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This, this is a talkin' fishbone!'"

"He didn't say THAT."

"Oh... yes, yes he did. I'm tellin' ya Stoik, that's how the boy views ya."

"Really?"

"Oh, yeah... A guy who orders offspring at a bar."

"What the...?"

"I've been fine tunin' that one fer a while."

"Heh, that was pretty good."

"Thanks, but I am completely serious about the training."

"Alright, fine."

**Hiccup's POV**

Dad walks in the living room

"Hi Son." He says."I have news."

What is Stoik's news? Why did I stop right there? Why am I saying things you might be thinking? All these questions and MORE revealed in the next chapter!

Blastiton is N.Y.F. (Nuking Your Face)

You're still reading?

Good. The story isn't over just yet.

"You get your wish, son. Dragon traning. You start tomorrow." Dad said. Oh no. I don't want this. THIS IS BAD.

**Oppan Flashback Style**

I had lost track of the dragon I shot down. While I was screaming at myself for sucking at EVERYTHING here, because some people lose their boot or their knife, but I lose a whole DRAGON.

As I find the dragon, I put my left foot on the "Carcass" and proclaim my victory in a viking-y way.

When the "carcass" moves, I am shocked to say the least.

I tell the dragon I am going to kill it, but, as I look into it's eyes, I see the same fear I am having, and I can't bring myself to do it.

_I cut the ropes binding it, it pushes me up against a rock, roars in my face for no apparent reason, and runs off. I then pass out, but

science passing out is not the same as sleeping, I stay in THAT body._

**Closean Flashback Style**

Blastitonn is just beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it, just beat it, just beat it.

Seriously, this is the end.

STOP READING THE DAMN CHAPTER!

4. Chapter 4

Blastitonn here. Sorry I haven't updated in a while. A creeper got in my house and blew it up. ON TO THE REVIEWS! MUSH! MUSH DOG!

SpottedMask12, Yes. Yes it is.

21SidraCire, GET BACK OVER HERE!

Demonduck45, Thank you!

**Anon1, I don't remember that... **

Anon2, You are PROBABLY the same peson but, err... Thanks for pointing that out.

RazzleFrazzlePooDot, I think I got your name wrong. It's really confusing. Thanks anyway though!

C4, AAUUUGGHHH! I'M MELTING BECAUSE I'M A DEMON AND YOU BLESSED ME AAUUUGGGH! Jk.

ON WITH THE FIC! MUSH, DOG! MUSH!

Hiccup's POV

"Uhm, Dad, I, uh, I-I don't really WANT to fight dragons, I mean, we don't have NEARLY enough bread-making vikings, or-or-" I said trying to convince dad to let me... NOT fight dragons."Son, I've already made up my mind. You are going to dragon training, and it is going to be, as the kids say, 'Awesome'." He told me, cutting me off.

"Dad, first off, nobody says 'awesome'."

"Oh, okay."

"Second, I thought you thought that I knew we both knew I couldn't fight dragons!"

"That was confusing, but I think the correct answer to that would be that I'm putting you in dragon training so that you can. You know, fight dragons."** AN:Oh, no he di'int. Stoik: Oh, yes I di'id. AN: What are you doing here? Get out of my room!**

"There's no talking you out of this is there?"

"Nope. Now you should go to bed, Tommorrow's a big day!"

I sighed, and went to bed.

****Oppan Modern Times, Opp, Opp-Opp-Opp, Oppan Modern Times****

I woke up and took in all the Grey my room had to offer. Grey pillowcases, grey walls, grey shag carpets, grey EVERYTHING. Even my 3DS, on which I play mainly pokemon, and super mario 64 I play Mario kart DS as well. The only things in my room that weren't grey were my table, on which I do my homework, and my various pokemon things scattered about the room.

I got dressed, and went downstairs. I saw my dad standing there, looking like the most viking-y viking ever, but in a suit. He told me he was going on a two week buisness trip. Just like my other dad. I told him I called his excursion-y buisness trips dragon hunts(But I didn't tell him it was because of my OTHER dad.) He laughed, as he always does when I tell him this.

He said goodbye, and left. Since today wasn't a school day, I had nothing better to do than call Frank. "Hey, Frank, what's up?" I asked as soon as he answered the phone. "Not much, I don't have anything to do."

"Wanna come over to my house then?"

"Yeah, sure, why not."

After about 30 minutes, Frank showed up with his 3ds and his laptop. "Hey, Frank. S'up?" I said, letting him in. "You already asked me that." he said sitting down in his favorite chair. I always thought it was weird how he had a favorite chair, but when I ask him, he says he can't explain it either.

"You wanna play Minecraft, Pokemon, or this new online game I found? It's not multiplayer, but it's cool." I asked him. I forgot to mention. I'm also a Minecraft FANATIC. I have a torch flashlight thing, a redstone ore bedside lamp, and the diamond pickaxe. "Let's play the new game. I'm always up for a new game."

"Okay. It's on . It's a game from the dreamworks dragons thing. you can train dragons and stuff." After I showed him how to play, we kept at it for about an hour before we got bored and decide to play minecraft. "Oh! hey! You wanna play technic launcher big dig pack?" I asked him. "I'm not sure what that is." Frank responed.

"They added it as a new modpack! It's awesome! you can find diamonds right beneath the dirt!"

"Whoah! really? I better download it!"

So after we played a few more hours, my cousin snotlout came in to "Check up on me". Apparently, dad gave him a key to the house so he can "Check up on me". "Hey cuz', I see you're spending time with your girlfriend." He said to me as he walked in. "Shut up Snotty." Me and Frank said at the same time. "Oh, what is it Fishy? That time of the month again?" Snotlout mocked. "Stop ripping off of other FanFictions! Come up with your own insults!" I said to the author.** Why should I? It was an awesome joke!** "Because it's wrong!" **Well

so is being related to "Snotty" but YOU'RE still doing it.** At that point Frank intervened. "Guys, stop breaking fourth wall, we're trying to make a good story, not a new episode for _ELMO_" **Okay. I-I'll just go now.** "Thank GOODNESS!" **I LIED! HAHA! I'm still here! Mwahahahahaha!** "GO AWAY!" They all said.** Fine, but you're not getting any cookies after this chapter!**

Wait a minuite... This IS the end of the chapter! and those weirdos stole my freaking COOKIES! If you have any Ideas... KEEP THEM TO YOURSELF! Just kidding. I would love to hear your Ideas. Also! I am now king of minecraft. I decree that I get all the cakes, and that when someone farts, They get a new HAT! R&R!

End
file.